

Episode 204 DROMEDARIES OF THE OLD WEST

The Tales of Sage and Savant  
Season 2 Episode x

Created by

Eddie Louise & Chip Michael

Written by

Eddie Louise

785 San Remo. Irvine, CA 92606  
970-576-8917  
Eddie@SageAndSavant.com

## ACT ONE

NARRATOR

Justin Bremer here, listeners. I have been granted a few moments to make a personal statement before we begin the broadcast. As many of you know, I was an unwilling participant in a preemptive interruption of our narrative last month. As the assault of Hurricane Donald battered our premises from without, an entity that has yet to be identified perpetrated an assault against my person and usurped the order of the historical record for an agenda that is not yet clear to us. Investigators are at work to discover the identity of the person or persons responsible. In the meantime, rest assured that I have received the best possible care including magnalectro-amygdalae conditioning and psychosocial intervention for PTSD. For today, I am happy to report that we will be resuming our regularly scheduled broadcast. Thank you.  
Computer, open file  
Sage.1124.0766.Omega1

SOUND: Computer open file ding

FADE IN: MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Greetings and welcome to the audio-aetheric transmission THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT, a Twinstar production. This broadcast is brought to you on the first of each month from the Twinstar Studios in sunny Southern California. Our tale stars Eddie Louise as Doctor Petronella Sage, Chip Michael as Professor Erasmus Savant, Emily Riley Piatt as Mx Abigail Entwhistle, and myself, Justin Bremer as your humble Narrator. This month's program, entitled DROMEDARIES OF THE OLD WEST is sponsored by EDGE SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHING and features the music of PROFESSOR ELEMENTAL.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now, without further ado, we bring you THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT.

THEME SONG

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When last we checked in, our Doctor and her cohorts were waiting for the new secret laboratory to be finished so a nearly unfettered period of scientific discovery could begin. Of course, certain rather alarming events precipitated by storm riddled explorations have cooled the ardor of some members of the team.

SCENE: DR SAGE'S OFFICE

SOUND: Book or pen or glass being slammed down in frustration.

ABIGAIL

{With barely concealed anger} No, Dr. Sage, I do not think it is unreasonable to be trepidatious after our experiences in the dark last month. I was nearly decapitated by a falling sword, attacked by a musty old skeleton and I know I was not the only one who heard voices! All I am asking is that we plan the transmigrations to allow that I not be expected to spend an overnight in that place.

PROF SAVANT

{Placating} Now ladies...

DR SAGE

{Ignoring him} Abigail, I understand. There were a number of rather unsettling events, but the attic has been completely transformed. The heaps and piles of junk removed. The electrical systems have been modernized. It is clean and bright and ready for our work.

PROF SAVANT

Yes, and...

ABIGAIL

{Talking past Savant} I am not saying we do not use the laboratory, only that you have some consideration of my nerves!

DR SAGE

Your nerves?!? And what kind of scientist will you make if you constantly allow your nerves to get the best of you?!

PROF SAVANT

I don't think...

DR SAGE

No, you don't!

ABIGAIL

Exactly!

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

I am sorry, Erasmus, but you had better duck out and allow us to carry on as we choose. I shall send a runner when things have been decided. Until then your best course of action is to quit the field.

PROF SAVANT

If you think so...

SOUND: Footsteps, door opening and closing.

NARRATOR

The Professor somewhat reluctantly leaves the ladies to their argument. It is many hours later when the dust settles and he is summoned back to the Doctor's office.

SOUND: Door opening slowly

PROF SAVANT

{Peeking head around door} Am I safe from the crossfire then?

DR SAGE

Yes, you are safe, Erasmus. Come in.

PROF SAVANT

No Abigail. Has she...?

DR SAGE

Quit? No. No real thanks to you,  
however.

PROF SAVANT

Me? What did I do?

DR SAGE

You got her all worked up with your  
stories of disappearing Professors  
and walled up classrooms. I looked  
him up by the way. Professor  
Saunders was a leading light and a  
great mind, but his demise was of  
totally natural causes.

PROF SAVANT

Yes, but in my defense, it was a  
bit of a coincidence, the  
University choosing to wall away  
his demesne just after he had  
passed. And we were heading upwards  
into a deserted part of the College  
just before dark on All Hallows.  
Can a fellow be blamed for wanting  
to add a frisson of fear to the  
fun?

DR SAGE

We are fortunate that Abigail is  
science minded underneath her  
superstitious and skittish  
exterior.

PROF SAVANT

So she saw reason?

DR SAGE

She did see how we cannot let petty  
superstition interfere with  
scientific exploration, and I did  
agree that until she has had time  
to grow accustomed to the new  
laboratory we will not require her  
services after the hour of five PM.

PROF SAVANT

So, daylight trips only for the  
near future? Are you so confident  
in the recall procedure?

DR SAGE

No, and no. We will depart during  
daylight hours.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

We will schedule a recall during daylight hours. If the procedure does not work and we are left in the past until we find death, well then, Abigail's obligations to monitor the status of our corporeal forms will be limited to daytime hours.

PROF SAVANT

So - short trips then?

DR SAGE

Not exactly, no. We could schedule departure for Noon on Monday and not attempt recall until Noon on Friday for example.

PROF SAVANT

And Mx. Abigail is okay with this?

DR SAGE

Let's hope so. We will be testing her resolve tomorrow.

NARRATOR

The next day dawns clear and bright and all signs of discord are swept away on the gleaming rays of rare November sun. It is fortunate for Doctor Sage that the surgery department keeps to a strict rota, and, though this serves as a niggling reminder that the work of female scientists is often relegated to the back burner, her project has been placed on the bottom rung for the fall term. This means that she still has a full week before her surgical studies get underway - plenty of time for a jaunt into the past.

SCENE: LABORATORY

SOUND: Elevator gate sliding back

DR SAGE

Come along. We shall take our first journey from our new laboratory. Wait until you see it. Calypso has really produced a marvel of modern technology for me to work with.

SOUND: Elevator gate sliding closed, elevator

PROF SAVANT

Is the new laboratory much changed  
from the old? Other than the  
increased space that is?

SOUND: Elevator stops, gate pulled back.

DR SAGE

See for your self.

PROF SAVANT

{admiring} Oh!

ABIGAIL

This looks nothing like it did a  
few weeks ago.

DR SAGE

Once our escapades exposed the  
fault in the electrical wiring,  
Calypso decided a complete retro-  
fit was in the cards.

NARRATOR

In fact, the Charges du affairs  
have converted the attic space into  
a vast open hall punctuated by  
support pillars. Every second one  
of these supports is entirely  
engulfed in a forest of greenery.  
Sunshine beams through the glass  
roof and lights the plants with  
near tropical intensity.

PROF SAVANT

It is so open now. It did not seem  
this large a space before.

DR SAGE

It wasn't. Each of the classrooms  
were forty feet deep and the  
central hall was twenty feet deep.  
We have removed all of the  
classrooms on the North wall, and  
shortened the rooms to fifteen feet  
deep on the South. That is why this  
central area feels so vast.

NARRATOR

Vast, is not hyperbole. Great aquariums stand in the corners, nearly as large as rooms themselves. The near one is a dry aquarium filled with exotic animals. The far one is a fantasy of gingerbreaded glass filled with bright shoals of fish.

ABIGAIL

{Delighted} You have creatures!  
{thought} Wait, you are not going to do experiments on them are you?

DR SAGE

No, I will not be doing experiments on them. We will simply observe the effects of exposure to great amounts of electrical energy in the room. There are some who believe that such exposure can lead to greater intelligence and improved reproductive ability. Since I had the space, and this room will regularly be bathed in high levels of focused amperages - well I thought a little side-inquiry was in order.

NARRATOR

Speaking of high amperages - in the center of the room a dais has been constructed for the transmigration tables and electrical control panels. Surrounding the dais are a great quantity of shelves and scaffolding holding the apparatus of transmigration and the necessary accouterments. Along the spine of the glass ceiling runs a bank of palm fans, strung on a belt, lazily turning in the morning light. Between the fans and the dais, a suspended gantry holds a large dynamo and spiraling copper wire leads downwards to the wall of instruments directly at the foot of the platform. A rank of small drawers, each the perfect size to hold an Edison cylinder, are meticulously labeled in the Doctor's hand.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Additional drawered cabinets march lockstep, bifurcating the room and creating a small nook where plants, a desk, chair and a lamp work together to create the effect of an intimate study. The entirety of the Northern wall is covered in floor to ceiling bookshelves, interspersed by the original classroom fireplaces. Wheeled ladders are scattered along the length of shelves; only half of the shelves hold books at present.

PROF SAVANT

Is this a laboratory or a library?

DR SAGE

{Pleased} Can't it be both?

ABIGAIL

You won't ever want to leave!

DR SAGE

But I will! I plan on leaving it very soon in fact! Here, come see the improvements to the mechanisms!

NARRATOR

As the Doctor takes her cohorts on a tour of her swank new digs, we must pause for a short musical break.

MUSICAL GUEST INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now dear friends we invite you to listen to the whiplash tongue and cracking wit of PROFESSOR ELEMENTAL.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now, back to our story.

ACT TWO

INTRO MUSIC

SCENE: LABORATORY

NARRATOR

When we left our crew they were touring the vastly improved space the Charges du affairs has generously provided for the Doctor's experiments in temporal translocation. They have visited the changing rooms, the lavatory and the small, but well equipped kitchen. Now, they move onto the center dais and the true scientific heart of the space.

SOUND: Footsteps

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As they step up onto the central platform more of the apparatus becomes visible. Up a support pillar to the South a series of Chladne tables are mounted one above the other. On one side of this vertical, a looped brass chain on ratchet gears holds a small brass pitcher full of sand; a mechanical hand attached to a reticulating arm waits behind to tilt the sand onto the appropriate plate.

ABIGAIL

Doctor Sage? You have added many Chladni plates, which I presume will give you greater control over pitch, but however will we record the positions of the sand now?

DR SAGE

I'm glad you asked, Abigail! This is the fun part! The Charge du affairs brought in a genius mechanical engineer! Look!

SOUND: New sound - your choice - automatic swing chair.

NARRATOR

The Doctor pulls a switch in a bank of instruments and a wicker chair mounted on a square of wood descends from the ceiling.

DR SAGE

We will use this chair to access the Chladni tables, service the dynamo, reset the prayer bowls - even check the automatic drip-water system for the plants.

NARRATOR

Above the dynamo, a halo of Prayer bowls in all sizes rings the space. Above each bowl a club is suspended on a fulcrum, ready to ring the bowl and produce chimes. A new and unique device is mounted into the center of one of the instrument panels, part organ keyboard, part typewriter.

DR SAGE

Here is where we can program pitch and timbre.

PROF SAVANT

Remarkable!

DR SAGE

Isn't it? Now why don't we dress and get ready for our first trip from this lap of luxury!

NARRATOR

And so they retire to the dressing room, take down Faraday armor from neatly labeled pegs, and take turns behind the chintz privacy screen dressing in copper.

PROF SAVANT

How strange it will be to transmigrate with no fear of missing a lecture...

DR SAGE

Or of being burst in upon by Cunningham.

PROF SAVANT

And hopefully, after today we will be able to travel without fear of death.

DR SAGE

We will still encounter death, but a single death per transmigration is definitely preferable. Ready?

NARRATOR

They move back out into the room center and take their place on the dais tables.

SOUND: All the usual buckling in sound.

DR SAGE

This part is all exactly the same. Are your electrodes pressed into place?

PROF SAVANT

Yes.

DR SAGE

C.R.A.P. Helmet strapped on and connected to table leads?

PROF SAVANT

Check!

DR SAGE

Waste management tubes situated?

PROF SAVANT

Perfectly.

DR SAGE

Good, now Abigail, it is your turn. Walk to the panel second from my right.

ABIGAIL

This one?

DR SAGE

Yes, good. OK, flip the lever with the red handle up.

SOUND: dynamo firing up sounds

DR SAGE (CONT'D)  
 Good, good. Erasmus? Time to  
 recline our beds.

SOUND: Ratcheting decline

DR SAGE (CONT'D)  
 Now, Abigail; turn the wheel to  
 your right.

SOUND: Wheel valve turns, water enter the trough at their  
 feet.

DR SAGE (CONT'D)  
 All right, now as we wait for the  
 water to reach our toes and the  
 dynamo to crank up to full speed, I  
 think I shall make note of the  
 historic occasion, hmm?

NARRATOR  
 The Doctor reaches to the edge of  
 her platform and pulls the handle  
 which swings her control panel and  
 Edison device into place at her  
 elbow.

SOUND: Control panel moves

DR SAGE  
 Abigail, go to the pitch control  
 panel, please.

SOUND: Footsteps

ABIGAIL  
 This one?

DR SAGE  
 Yes, good. Now we believe it is the  
 harmonics of the Aeolian mode that  
 will bring us home. That would be  
 Chladne at C4, No, the typeset  
 keys. Yes. And the chimes will need  
 to be at Bb4 and Eb4 - you will be  
 able to just key those on the piano  
 part - no, do you see the little  
 markings I put on each key? Yes,  
 there. That is the combination you  
 will play to attempt to bring us  
 home in 48 hours. Will you remember  
 that, or do you need to mark it  
 down?

ABIGAIL

No, I've got it. Bb4, Eb4 and C4. .

DR SAGE

We will be going back by say forty years which would put our out-going pitch as Eb4 XXX mode, with harmonics at XXX and XXX.

ABIGAIL

Got it. Do I have to play the pitches real-time?

DR SAGE

No - do you see the row of clocks there in the upper corner of the panel?

ABIGAIL

Yes.

DR SAGE

There is one for each day of the week. I have set them up on an auto wind mechanism so they will stay in time. The ring of holes next to each one is the programming access. There is also a punch-card system behind the keyboards. You activate the record mode by flipping up the switch marked PC, do you see it?

ABIGAIL

Yes.

DR SAGE

Right, so if you flip that switch up and play your tones, first the Chladni and then the prayer bowls, the punch-card system will record them. Then, you set the clock timer by inserting a metal peg into the hole that corresponds with the day and time you wish us to return. The system will automatically play the tones that we hypothesize will bring us home. Providing, of course, that the Professor and I can manage to stay alive in the past long enough for us to try our theory.

ABIGAIL

In the meantime, all I will do is check that the system remains functional, and the clocks are on time, just as I check your vitals and the brain activity read-outs.

DR SAGE

Exactly! Now, I'll just register my notes...

SOUND: Edison Device engaging

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Laboratory of Dr Petronella Sage, King's College 24th of November, 1894. This will be the first official transmigration from the new laboratory in the attic space at Kings. All equipment and been inspected and is in good working order. I continue to focus my efforts on exact targeting of our transmigration trajectories and have set the pitch to Eb4 with harmonic chimes of XXX and XXX. This should place us in the 1850's. We are going to attempt remote retrieval for the first time using what I believe is the home harmonics of the Aeolian mode. We have set length of travel to 48 hours. Mx. Abigail Entwhistle will be monitoring the system from this end.

SOUND: Cease Edison.

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Are you ready, Erasmus?

PROF SAVANT

Ready.

SOUND: Transmigration

NARRATOR

And so they are off once again. One immediate benefit to this vastly improved laboratory space is that sound dispersal along the increased square footage lessens the deafening volume at the source.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

No longer do we feel like we are in the center of an electrical maelstrom. Now we reside in the belly of a great machine; oiled parts, each performing pre-selected duties in perfect harmony. The air still crackles with electrical energy, in fact the plants climbing the support pillars tremble in unseen currents as...

SOUND: Crash, time travel

TIME TRAVEL MUSIC

SCENE: CALIFORNIA DESERT

SAGE and SAVANT awaken in the desert. His body is an older gentleman, hers a young girl of marriageable age.

NARRATOR

The first thing the Doctor notices as she comes to consciousness is the smoldering remains of a campfire and the charred half-eaten carcass of a lizard lying in the dirt a few inches from her face.

DR SAGE

{Wheezing}

NARRATOR

The second thing she notices is that she is having great difficulty breathing.

DR SAGE

{Wheezing} Erasmus? What is this in my mouth? {Extracts wad of half chewed meat} Ugh! My lips are numb. Poison!! Wake up Erasmus, wake up! We've been poisoned. We need syrup of ipecac.

SOUND: Stumbling, fumbling

NARRATOR

The body the Doctor has entered has indeed been poisoned by ingesting the flesh of the Taricha Torosa - commonly known as the California Newt.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Glands in the skin of Taricha torosa secrete the potent neurotoxin tetrodotoxin, which is hundreds of times more toxic than cyanide. This deadly toxin kills by inhibiting the firing of action potentials in neurons preventing the nervous system from carrying messages which in turn can lead to asphyxiation.

PROF SAVANT

{Wheezing} Petra!

NARRATOR

That Doctor has mere minutes to act.

DR SAGE

Think, Think, Think, Think, Thi...  
Charcoal!

SOUND: Stumbling, fistful of charcoal.

NARRATOR

She stumbles unsteadily to the fire and grabs a fistful of charcoal. Stuffing it in her mouth, she reaches for another handful.

DR SAGE

{Around a mouthful of dust} Too dry! I need water.

NARRATOR

In need of liquid to wash down the vile mass of coal dust, the Doctor casts desperate glances around the campsite. There! Next to an upturned saddle she sees a canteen. She scuttles over and wrenches free the lid.

SOUND: Scuttling, water sloshing, lid on chain dangling free

DR SAGE

{Swallowing.} Erasmus! {wretching}  
Erasmus, you must eat some charcoal, now. {wretching}

PROF SAVANT

What are you talking about, Petra.  
Petra, I can't breathe.

SOUND: Sage crawls back to fire, bringing sloshing canteen

DR SAGE

{Wretching} Poison. Take this!  
{Wretching}

NARRATOR

I am not sure about anyone else, but my sympathetic gag reflex is just too delicate to watch this. I shall mute the action and tell you what has happened. Our heroes have landed in the bodies of travelers in the vast American west. From the look of these bodies - the Professor is in a straggle bearded wretch with hollow eyes and hunched shoulders, the Doctor is in a young girl with a rib cage that protrudes nearly as much as her breasts do - these travelers were starving. The camp is just a flat patch of ground next to an outcropping of rocks. There are saddles, but no horses, so their transportation either got away from them or has already been consumed. The Doctor's improvised emetic seems to be having the proper affect on our heroes so perhaps now is a good time to pause for a word from our sponsor.

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes, dear friends, you heard it here, trust MAD SCIENTIST JOURNAL, the preeminent scientific journal for atypical scientific theory. And now, back to our show.

ACT THREE

## INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

The effects of the hastily administered emetic did indeed save our pair from a quick but painful death via tetrodotoxin. It has been a number of hours since the violent tide of vomitus ceased and after a short sleep, the explorers are finally ready to face their circumstance.

PROF SAVANT

The desert. Not my favorite place to be.

DR SAGE

Yes, I really must begin to understand the physical trajectory of where we transmigrate alongside the temporal one.

PROF SAVANT

At least, I have some small measure of skill, gleaned from Senegal, that I might put to use.

DR SAGE

I think we are in an American desert, though.

PROF SAVANT

However can you tell that?

DR SAGE

{Pleased with herself} I guess you are rubbing off on me old man - look at the stamp on the canteen cover. {She tosses canteen}

SOUND: Nearly empty sloshing of canteen as it is tossed

PROF SAVANT

U.S. Well spotted. Though it appears our first order of business would be finding water.

SOUND: Distant bells and camel caravan sounds

DR SAGE

Wait! Did you hear that?

PROF SAVANT

Hear what?

SOUND: Closer bells and camel caravan sounds

DR SAGE

That! Someone's coming! Quick, find something we can wave to get their attention.

NARRATOR

They improvise a banner by tying a handkerchief to a stick and hurry to the crest of the hill. In the valley below their camp a caravan of mules, horses and camels wends its way thru the desert.

PROF SAVANT

Camels?!? Are you sure we are not in the Arabian desert?

DR SAGE

I don't know. Were there mules in Arabia in the 1850s?

PROF SAVANT

I haven't the foggiest. Animal husbandry is not my area of expertise!

DR SAGE

They've seen us! They are stopping. Get our stuff, let's go!

NARRATOR

They gather the few items of value in their camp and scurry down the hill to the waiting caravan. The collection of men making its way through the desert is as eclectic as the animals. The horses, mules, donkeys and camels are being driven by US Cavalry Officers in full gold braid, a handful of Mexicans in serapes and sombreros and a few native peoples wearing a mishmash of traditional and pioneer clothing, faces covered in dramatic tattoos.

PROF SAVANT

Halloo! Thank you for stopping.

BEALE

Brigadier General Edward Beale, at your service. Are you aware you are on private land?

DR SAGE

No, sir. We are newly recovered from an unfortunate encounter with a poisonous lizard, and are a bit disoriented from that.

BEALE

Whatever is the lady speaking of, sir?

PROF SAVANT

In our hunger, we were less than circumspect and chose to char and attempt to ingest a certain member of the local fauna. You might know it? About this long, with a warty gray skin and an orange underbelly?

BEALE

Oh dear, you ate a Newt? How are you standing in your boots now?

DR SAGE

{Offended by his dismissal of her} This lady, knows a few things. We ate charcoal as soon as I felt the tell-tale tingle of a neuro-toxin on my lips.

BEALE

You ate charcoal? That cannot have been pretty.

DR SAGE

It was efficacious.

PROF SAVANT

{Pulling focus} Please, can you tell us where we are? We have become disoriented.

BEALE

You are on my ranch, near Fort Tejon. We are on the way to Los Angeles.

PROF SAVANT

The city of angels?! Capital! That is just where we hoped to go.

BEALE

I do not believe that 3000 people count as a city - nor are the majority of them angels, but if you say so. {Whistles} Head 'em up!

SOUND: Caravan getting back to movement.

BEALE (CONT'D)

I am sorry that I cannot offer finer steeds for you, but all of the horses are under mount already. I can offer a camel or a mule for yourself, and a donkey for the lady.

PROF SAVANT

Oh! A camel. I should enjoy riding one of those again.

DR SAGE

{Under her breath} A donkey?!?

SOUND: Mounting up, ongoing caravan movement.

BEALE

You have experience of camels?

PROF SAVANT

Yes, in Senegal. I am curious as how these animals came to be here? I did not believe this species was native to the Americas.

BEALE

They are not. They were brought to Texas originally as part of a US Army project out of Camp Verde for desert exploration. When that project was abandoned I had a few of the beasts brought here to my ranch. Whatever causes you to travel to such far-flung places as Senegal and Tejon pass?

PROF SAVANT

Well, I, ah...

DR SAGE

He has a friend who is always cajoling him into participating in outlandish, and frankly, occasionally demeaning life-threatening adventures.

BEALE

Ah, the call of adventure. I know  
its lure well.

PROF SAVANT

You are and adventurer, sir?

NARRATOR

We are going to shift away from  
this bit, dear listeners. Edward  
Beale is an historic figure. If you  
wish to know more of his personal  
adventures, you can look him up. I  
wanted to take a small moment to  
check in on Mx. Entwhistle in the  
laboratory. The poor girl's  
introduction to that space was  
traumatic, to say the least, and  
though it is not part of my remit,  
I confess to be somewhat concerned  
for her emotional well-being.

SOUND: Singing, shower

ABIGAIL

A sweet Tuxedo girl you see,  
A queen of swell society,  
Fond of fun as fond can be,  
When it's on the strict Q.T.,  
I'm not too young, I'm not too old,  
Not too timid, not too bold,  
Just the kind you'd like to hold,  
Just the kind for sport I'm told.

Chorus:

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! (4 times)  
I'm a blushing bud of innocence,  
Papa says at big expense  
Old maids say I have no sense,  
Boys declare, I'm just immense,  
Before my song I do conclude,  
I want it strictly understood,  
Though fond of fun, I'm never rude,  
Though not too bad I'm not too good

Chorus:

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! (4 times)

NARRATOR

{Embarrassed} It appears Abigail  
has recovered from her trauma and  
is relaxed enough in the new  
laboratory environs to enjoy a  
shower. Let's leave her to it shall  
we?

## SCENE: OUTSKIRTS OF LOS ANGELES

NARRATOR

We shall skip ahead past the journey out of the desert and rejoin our heroes in Los Angeles. At this time barely more than a dusty cow-town within smelling distance of the ocean. The tinsel glory of the movie business is not even a gleam in this town's eye. The deep influence of the Catholic church and the mission trail hold a greater sway here, and the inhabitant's identities still veer South towards Mexico. The Mojave people melted away from the caravan as it neared the outskirts of town, and the Mexican drovers ceased to appear exotic as more people around them wore similar clothing.

PROF SAVANT

Have you ever seen such a scrappy little town?

DR SAGE

Scrappy?

PROF SAVANT

This is a place that has big ideas about its future. You can tell.

DR SAGE

I don't think cities have ideas of themselves.

PROF SAVANT

You are wrong there. Think of Paris, think of London, Rome, Mexico City, St. Petersburg. Of course cities can have ideas of themselves - it is the collective awareness of the people that are its inhabitants.

BEALE

This is where I shall take my leave of you. I must deliver these mules to stockyard number two and then I am afraid turn around and head right back up the mountain. Will you be alright?

PROF SAVANT

I am sure we will be fine. Thank you for your kind help.

DR SAGE

Which direction should we go to find an inn?

BEALE

Follow this street...

TIME TRAVEL NOISE

NARRATOR

Our heroes have lost track of time. The 48 hours are done, and the pre-programmed return chime has sounded in the lab. The bodies that they were occupying fall to the street dead, causing as you can imagine, a great deal of commotion.

SOUND: Beale and others shouting, screaming etc.

SCENE: LABORATORY

NARRATOR

Awakening back in the new and improved laboratory they find a perfectly delighted Abigail dancing about their daises.

ABIGAIL

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!  
The recall worked today!

DR SAGE

What are you on about Abigail? What is that singing?

ABIGAIL

It worked! It worked! {Realizing}  
Wait! Did it work? Was it just coincidence that you returned when I played the chimes? Were you killed in the past?

PROF SAVANT

We were not killed. In fact, we were in mid-conversation. It was most rude.

DR SAGE

Yes, we will need to better plan our activities now that we know the recall mechanism works. This is a fantastic advance, though. It bodes so well for the future of my research.

SOUND: Unbuckling

PROF SAVANT

Well, then, there is nothing to say but {Singing} Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.

ALL THREE

{Singing}

NARRATOR

With a new more powerful laboratory and a more specific control of their travels, the Doctor is feeling a huge swell of confidence in her research. Will this lead to bigger and better discoveries, or do her nightmares indicate an advancing assault on her sanity? We'll find out in the next episode of THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT.

END MUSIC STARTS

CREDITS

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT is a Twinstar production, brought to you on the first of each month from our Southern California studios.

Starring Eddie Louise as Sage, Chip Michael as Savant, Emily Riley Piatt as Abigail, and Justin Bremer as Narrator.

Soundtrack music, sound design and audio engineering by Chip Michael.

Special music in this episode was provided by PROFESSOR ELEMENTAL. Do drop in on him at [www.professorelemental.com](http://www.professorelemental.com).

(MORE)

## NARRATOR (CONT'D)

We would like to extend our gratitude to this month's sponsor EDGE SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHING.

Episode 204 DROMEDARIES OF THE OLD WEST was written by Eddie Louise. Are you interested in the historical and scientific information we included in this episode? Like us on Facebook or check out our website [www.SageAndSavant.com](http://www.SageAndSavant.com) to find the facts behind the fiction.

Finally, as always, we urge you to remember that: DEATH IS NO BARRIER TO SCIENCE.